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NOT THE GLORY OF CESAR BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

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From the Forget-Me-Not for 1844.
LIFE'S ERRORS.
What if, in that sublime state,
To which our souls shall once attain,
The things of earth and time, and fate,
Shall pass before our eyes again,
Shall we review our life's slow way
In vain and weariness beholding,
And by Heaven's pure noon survey
What Earth's dim twilight now is folding?
O, what a wondrous change will pass
O'er all that here hath seemed or been!
Darkly we see, as through a glass,
What then shall face to face be seen;
The nobleness of all we prize,
The falsehood of the love we sought,
The princely truth of hearts despised,
The worth of all we would not!
Perchance it shall not then be seen
That this our earthly path of tears,
So drearily we wended on,
As to the moon we've seen appear,
When clearer light around us breaks,
Our eyes shall read their course below,
A dreary line of foot we trace,
Attended by many a needless woe.
Our youth was passed in vain days fair,
In laughing the wealth of heart;
Our manhood had the harder care,
Of watching all those dreams depart.
What was there left for old age,
Except in useless grief to rue
The errors of a younger age?
We could not, if we would, renew!
Yet in ourselves the evil lay,
Poor, weak, and erring as we were,
Our souls are made of clay,
But 'twas our hand that framed them so.
We needed some divine aid,
To teach our hearts to seek to shun
The lovely fall of trusting all,
The bitter sin of trusting none.
Turn we then with vain desire
From love betrayed and faith deceived,
Nor let our hearts be torn and grieved,
When they are wounded, wrong, and grieved.
Take home this lesson—it is such
As turns life's darkness into light;
Of life we will only have night!

WHAT IS LIFE?
I do not mean when I ask this question,
Life in any of its physical forms, or in any
of all its physical avocations. Neither do I
mean the life of sublime ruffians, or desperate
lovers; of piping shepherds, or sentimental
savages; of political demagogues, or
solitary hermits, or any other species of
madness;—but life as it concerns one and
all—as it concerns every man; life, as the
period of man's duration upon earth, and as
the budding of his future destiny. As his
probationary state, it is a mixture of good
and ill. The soul hath need of a chastening
and the rude buffeting of earth do their part
in schooling it for its future sphere. A rude
schooling, it may sometimes seem to us; but
the hand that doeth all things well, doth not
err. How little do we know what we need,
and how poorly we should be trained for the
future, if we always had the present in our
hands. Our fancied good would be given us,
and we would have no such thing in ex-
istence as disappointment. So foolish are we;
—the very things we most of all need,
we would so willingly deprive ourselves of—
the disciplinary things of life. How wisely
different is it in the orderings of God's Pro-
vidence. The phantoms of pursuit flee from
the eager grasp; hopes are blasted but a
moment before their expected fulfillment;
the sea of life rolls its waves over our frail
bark, retarding our arrival at the wished for
port. But then comes a time for the good,
when their desires shall be satisfied—when
faith shall be lost in sight, and hope in full
fruition—when a voice shall say to this
troubled sea "Peace, be still;" and when,
the quarantine of life passed, they shall en-
ter the peaceful city that hath golden
streets.

But life is not alone a time of passive dis-
cipline—it is a time for activity and im-
provement. By the vigorous use of the
powers with which he has been endowed by
Him who wisely fitted him for his sphere,
man goes on from strength to strength, and
enterprises such vast projects and schemes,
that he on whom we had but looked as
"a worm and no man," rising in the scale
of existence, and assimilating himself to his
maker, forces the exclamation "how like a
God!" And are we not to apt to lose sight
of the cheering thought that these concep-
tions and aspirations of man, perfecting
himself in all that is high and holy, are but
the buddings of that flower, which, eventu-
ally blossoming from its calyx of flesh, shall
bloom in lasting fragrance and beauty, on
the fair fields of a brighter and better world.
—Lamoille Investigator.

SOCIETY IN NEW YORK.

May be the season for "the raging
calenture of love," this is the calenture of the
social affections—the fever-crisis of the year,
when the heat that is the system comes to
the surface. Most quiet men go to a ball or
two in the holy-days—dance a quadrille or
two to show the old year that they are not
its party in going out—pay a compliment or
two more flowery than their wont; in short,
put on the outer seeming which would befet-
ter them in a Utopia. I have tried on, like
others, for the last week or two, this holy-day
humor; and, though I shall be accused of
"keeping a sharp eye to business," I must
jot down for you a thought or two that has
occurred to me, critical and comparative, on
the present condition of New York society.
It strikes me that there is no provision in
the gay society of New York for people of
middle age. A man between thirty-five and
forty is invited to a large party. He goes
too early if he arrives before eleven. He
finds the two principal rooms stripped of car-
pets and of most of the sitting-down furni-
ture, and the reception-room entirely lined
with the mammas and the chaperons of the

young ladies on the floor. However he might
be a "dancing man" in Europe, where peo-
ple dance till their knees fall, he knows
that in this hasty-to-grow-old country it would
be commented harshly upon, especially if he
has a wife, for whom it is expected his over-
flow of spirits should be reserved. As he
don't dance, he would like to converse.—
The old ladies talk of nothing but their daugh-
ters, and the daughters, if not dancing, think
it would repel a probable partner to seem
much occupied in conversation. He looks
around for a sofa and a lady who don't dance.
Sofa there is none, and in a chair in the cor-
ner perhaps there is one lady who is neither
young nor old—*rara avis*! He approaches
her, and, well nigh jammed against the wall,
undertakes a conversation not nudle (the
standing and she sitting) unless kept up at a
scream. After a half hour of this, the lady,
if she be discreet, remembers that "it looks
particular" to be engrossed more than half
an hour by one gentleman, and looks or says
so. The middle-aged man slides along the
wall, gets back into the crowded reception-
room, talks a little to the chaperons, comes
back and looks on at the waltz, and so passes
the three hours till supper—on his legs. The
ladies take an hour to sup, and, about three
o'clock, he gets a corner for some oysters and
champagne, and between that and four o'-
clock gets home to bed. He is a business
man and rises at eight, and by three o'clock
the next day he looks and feels as a man
naturally who had burnt his candle at
both ends—for nothing.

It is not wonderful that there are no con-
veniences for conversation in society, for
there really is no conversation to provide for.
The want would create the supply. It is
one of the most peculiar of our country's
features that conversation is not cultivated as
a pleasure. When American women leave
off dancing they think they have done with
society till they re-appear to bring out their
daughters. All the agreeableness of their
middle life—the most attractive and deli-
cious portion of life too, perhaps—is expended
on an appreciative husband who wants and
uses it all! Not at all as a disengagement
to this state of affairs, perhaps you will allow
me to mention a case, that may be some-
what parallel, which has turned up in my
zoological reading: "These little insects
(the coccids, of the family galliæctæ) are
remarkable for many peculiarities in their
habits and conformation. The males have
long large wings! The females have
no wings, but at a certain period of their life at-
tach themselves to the plant or tree which
they inhabit, and remain thereon immovable
during the rest of their existence." "As soon
as the eggs are produced, they pass im-
mediately under the female parent, whose
body becomes their stationary covering and
guard. By degrees her body dries up and
flattens, and forms a sort of shell, and, when
life is quite extinct, the young insects leave
their hiding-place." Whether society has
not some claim on them—whether their
minds would not be kept from narrowing by
the one exclusive errand of the loveliest por-
tion of humanity is to rear children, are ques-
tions which in this country must be handled
very gingerly—at least in print. I may be
permitted to go on and say "how they do in
Spain," however.

A middle-aged man in London may or
may not be a dancer. There is no com-
ment either way—but he must be something—dan-
cer or good conversationalist, or he is dropped
as "hunching up the party." Few men
can afford to be seen by the mistress of the
house to be unamused and unamusing. A
cultivated man, then, who don't dance, gets
an hour or two of pleasant society in the ear-
ly part of the evening at the opera. If there
is a small party afterwards he prefers it to a
ball; but if he goes to the ball, he finds that
the pleasantest people there are the married
women. They do not sit together without
room for a gentleman between them, but every
lady is bodily approachable, and with a
little management he can get a comfortable
seat beside any one whom he may know and
prefer. If he find her interesting, and talk
to her the whole evening, there is no scandal,
unless there are other corroborating circum-
stances: indeed, the openness of the atten-
tion would rather discredit any unfavorable
comment. If there is a new lion present, or
any attraction peculiar to one person, a small
circle is formed in a corner, or a group stand
around and let the conversation be managed
by the persons most interested, like listening
to music. You could seldom go to a party
in London without hearing something worth
telling to a person not there, and society (not
the newspapers) has the first use and enjoy-
ment of all news and novelties of every de-
scription. Newspapers are stale to a man
actively conversant in the best society of
London. People collect news, and see sights,
and invent theories, and study and think—to
have material for being brilliant in society,
and for no other motive. An *habitué* of the
best houses grows well informed by absorp-
tion only—if he keeps his ears open. And
this entire stage of society is wanting in New
York.

One of your intelligent correspondents re-
marked lately upon the absurdity of copying
English hours for gaiety without copying the
compensating English hours for repose. It
is the aim of aristocracy to have such habits
as to distinguish aristocrats from the working
classes, and lords and ladies please themselves
with going home to sleep when the clowns
are getting up to toil. Until we can afford
to lie abed like a lord, till noon, we are fools
to lose the clown's slumber, and a fashionable
lady would deserve well of her country who
would tacitly acknowledge her husband to be
a man of business, by giving her party at
hours when he and his merchant friends could
attend without loss of needful sleep. Who
would not be glad to go to a ball at seven
instead of eleven? This change, and the intro-
duction of comforts and accommodations for
conversable wall flowers, would, in my
opinion, improve even the charming circles
of grown up children who now constitute
New York society.

I see no very marked differences in the
dress or usages of the ball room. Rather
more waiting and less quizzing, if any
thing—but still "marvellous few" tolerable
waltzers. Could most of the waltzing men
in New York "see themselves as others see
them," they would practice the difficult ease
of this accomplishment elsewhere for a while.
The lower classes of Germans have balls in
their peculiar haunts which it would be good
practice to attend.—Willis's letter in Na-
tional Intelligencer.

The present tariff as it affects the price of
certain articles.
The Free Trade papers denounce the present
tariff, because, say they, it is calculated
to raise, and has already raised the price of
certain articles. When you ask them to specify
the articles to which they allude, how-
ever, they are perfectly mute. Their books
tell them it ought to be so, reasoning from a
general principle; and it is in vain to meet
with facts. The Journal of Commerce, af-
ter some weeks' lagging by the Tribune, did
come out and specify two articles, loaf
sugar, and brass kettles; but the reply of the
Tribune was conclusive, and settled those
points forever.

We have daily evidence of the fact, that
necessary articles are cheaper than they
were before the passage of this law. Upon
the article of pins, a duty of 50 per cent.
was laid. The consequence, says the Tribune,
has been that two pin manufacturers, the on-
ly ones in the country, have since divided
23 per cent. of the only dividend they have
made for 9 years. This is not all: They
are actually at this moment selling pins fif-
teen per cent. cheaper than they were sold
before this tariff law was passed, and mak-
ing a *cent* per article! Several
manufacturers have been established, and the
wages of the workmen have been increased
since the passage of the law. The Tribune
has no doubt, that if the tariff is kept on, they
will be in a very few years, ten per cent.
cheaper than at present, because the manu-
facturers are daily learning how to econo-
mize in materials and processes, and can sell
cheap, because they have a sure and steady
market, adequate to the full amount of all
they can manufacture. In addition to these
facts, it may be stated that the number of
loaves employed is greatly increased, and
that there is every prospect of an increased
number of manufacturers.

An other article, upon the price of which
the tariff has wrought wonderful effects, is
glass tumblers. It was customary, formerly,
to import glass of all kinds, and among
them, cheap common tumblers, from Ger-
many; at a cost of 50 to 75 cts. per dozen,
the latter price being the lowest at which they
would bear transportation. The importers
(according to the authority above quoted)
brought them over merely to make up their
cargoes and were satisfied, as they could al-
ways sell them readily, to make freight on
them. The new tariff imposes a duty of ten
cents a pound on them, and the consequence
has been, that our own countrymen, being
encouraged to make them, now sell them in
the market for twenty-seven cents a dozen
—being ten cents lower than they were be-
fore the passage of the act. So much for the
effects of this "odious and oppressive tariff."

The great mistake of all free traders, as
we before had occasion to observe, is, that
they lay down a general principle, and stick
to it in spite of facts. They say, for in-
stance, that if a duty is high enough to pro-
tect a domestic manufacture, it excludes the
foreign, and thus shuts out competition,
whereby the article is rendered dearer; and
that if it is not high enough to shut out the
foreign article, it cannot afford protection to
the domestic. These views are plausible
enough in theory; but they are daily contra-
dicted by the undeniable evidence of facts.
Whenever they come to particulars, they
find that the article is cheaper and better,
that the foreign manufacture is not shut out,
and that the domestic is encouraged. Why
this should be so, is not our business to de-
termine. We only state facts.—Richmond
Whig.

American Fabrics.
SUSPENSERS.—From a gentleman in this
village, who has long dealt extensively in the
article of suspenders, we learn that one of
our Eastern manufacturers, engaged in pro-
ducing this article, has, within a few months
past added one hundred hands to his estab-
lishment. He also informs us that American
suspenders are both superior in quality, and
lower in price than the European. Our own
manufacturers now furnish for \$2 per dozen,
as good an article, as we formerly did get
the article cheaper than we formerly did, we
can pay the manufacturer in the products of
our own labor, and are not required, as was
once the case, to send him our specie across
the Atlantic.

Will any free trade logician just bestir his
"thinkers," and by a process of straight for-
ward ratiocination, demonstrate the precise
quantum of harm which the "black tariff"
has worked in this particular.—Goshen
Democrat.

PANTHERS AND CATAMOUNTS.—They
tell a pretty tough story of a lad 12 years
old to Warren Co., Mississippi, lately, who,
with a club and his dogs, killed a good sized
panther. We have a match for it in an in-
cident which occurred in Barre some time
last month.

A son of Col. J. D. Harrington, aged
17, was in the woods with his dog in pursuit
of foxes, when (as the boys say,) they scared
up rather an ugly looking customer, who
climbed into a tree with no inconsiderable
agility. The lad, armed only with a small
pistol charged with ball, in order to do exe-
cution, climbed up the tree after him, and
when within 15 or 20 feet fell, whereupon
the animal leaped from the tree in the direc-
tion of the dog, lit him a slap in the face as
he passed, ran about 40 rods and bounded
into another tree. The lad followed and
went through about the same ceremony
again with the same success. A few days
afterwards, while traversing the same woods
and crossing a brush fence, he surprised his
new acquaintance, who bounded away some
30 or 40 rods and took his position in a tree
again. His dog coming up, they followed
on, and our young hero, with a gun charged
with nine buck shot, walked up directly un-
der the tree, took deliberate aim and brought
him down dead. It turned out to be a catam-
ount weighing about 80 lbs., and for which
he obtained a bounty of \$20. Now, beat this?

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—The following
statement of an actual occurrence, says the N.
Y. American, translated for this paper from the
N. Y. Deutsche Schmelzer, well exemplifies
how unjustly a condemnation of circumstances
may sometimes accuse a man.

"At a table-d'hôte at Ludwigsburgh, one of
the company was showing a very rare gold coin,
which was passed round the table on a plate,
and gave rise to many suppositions as to its age,
country, value, &c. The conversation then
gradually branched off to other subjects; till the
coin was forgotten, and on the owner asking for
it back, to the surprise of all it was not to be
found. A gentleman sitting at the foot of the
table was observed to be in much agitation, and
as his embarrassment seemed to increase with
the continuance of the search, the company
were about to propose a very disagreeable mea-
sure, when suddenly a water-pot entered the room,
saying: 'Here is the coin; the cook has just
found it in one of the finger glasses.'

The relief to all was manifest; and now the
expected stranger spoke for the first time as fol-
lows: 'Gentlemen, you can imagine my state of mind
myself at the recovery of the coin; for picture
to yourselves my painful situation—by a singular
coincidence, I have a duplicate of the very
same coin in my purse! (here showing it to
the company). The idea that, on the per-
sonal search which would probably be proposed,
I should be taken for the purveyor of the coin, led
me to the fact that I am a stranger here, with
no one to vouch for my integrity, had almost
driven me distracted. The honesty of the cook
and lucky accident, has saved my honor. The
friendly congratulations of the company soon ef-
faced the remembrance of their unjust suspi-
cions.'

We find in the Kennebec Journal, the fol-
lowing explanation of an "unusual circum-
stance" to this port, which we noticed some
days since:—

The facts of the case, as given by the
New York Anti-Sl. Standard, are these. A
merchant of Boston sent orders to his
agent, to obtain something, if possible, from
the effects of a man in Louisiana, who ow-
ed him \$300. The agent replied, that in ob-
serving his orders he had been so lucky as to
discover Martin, a likely negro boy, of nine
years old, that he had put him in prison,
and awaited further orders, whether to dis-
pose of him at auction or private sale. The
New England merchant felt a little queasy
about this peculiar species of property. He
was not an anti-slavery man, but the buying
and selling of children affected him un-
pleasantly. He accordingly offered to give
the boy to Ellis Gray Loring. Glad to save
the little fellow from a life of bondage, our
friend accepted the offer. He caused the
human chattel to be brought from Louisiana,
at the expense of \$50, has taken him under
his own protection, and given him the name
of Martin Loring.

Mr. Burritt, the learned blacksmith, is
still seriously engaged in attempting to make
discoveries in the moon, by means of mes-
merism or clairvoyance; to which end he
proposes to employ three subjects in differ-
ent places to make observations, and note
them down for future comparison. He says
he has in his possession the statement of a
lad in the clairvoyant state, who visited the
moon, and went into a building resembling
a schoolhouse, found a book which he was
unable to read, but, at the request of the
master, he copied twenty-eight well
formed characters. At a subsequent visit
he saw things better, and took drawings of a
monument and metallic horn. Upon the
monument was an inscription, written in the
very characters which the boy found in the
book, all of which he had received to com-
pare with the Oriental language.

A MANIAC.—A dreadful event recently
threw the town of Rimmie, Italy, into con-
sternation. A young and pretty woman be-
longing to the middle class of society, ob-
tained permission to visit her husband, who
was confined in a mad house. The patient
testified the utmost delight at seeing her,
and the keeper, at their request retired and left
them together. He was however, in a few
minutes alarmed at hearing loud cries at the
door: he found the maniac holding in his
arms his wife, covered with blood. After the
first transport of delight had passed over,
a fit of fury had come on, and he had thrust
out both her eyes with a metal spoon left by
mistake in the room. The unfortunate wo-
man was immediately conveyed to the in-
firmary of the mad house and attended most
carefully. She died the next day in dread-
ful torture, without uttering a word of com-
plaint against her husband.

LIBERAL CHARITY. Mr. William Apple-
ton of Boston, has given to the Trustees of
the Massachusetts General Hospital the sum
of \$10,000, the income of which is to be ex-
pended in behalf of such patients of the Mc-
Lean Asylum for the Insane, as have not
the means of remaining there for an entire
cure.

THE RAINY DAY.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.
The day is dark and cold and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
And at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
And the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the cloud is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

A NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE.

Believing that a National Agricultural In-
stitute and Pattern Farm in the neighbor-
hood of Washington, if so organized and con-
ducted as to teach alike the science, the prac-
tice, and the profits of good husbandry, would
be productive of incalculable benefits to the
whole country, I trust the editors of the Na-
tional Intelligencer will give publicity to the
following suggestions, designed to advance
the most important branch of productive in-
dustry in the United States.

It may be safely assumed there is now ex-
isting a large amount of useful knowledge ap-
propriate to every department of rural econ-
omy, which, unfortunately, is confined to a
very few, and therefore comparatively of very
little value to the great mass of those en-
gaged in rural pursuits. If a fair portion of
this truly practical knowledge were general-
ly diffused among all the tillers of the earth,
it would double the profits, if not the pro-
ducts, of American agriculture. Increase
the annual returns from the land and labor
now devoted to rural employments but ten
per cent., and you will add over one hundred
millions of dollars to the annual income of
the American people. Augment the yield
of the winter wheat now on the ground only
ten per cent., by giving to the plant a cheap
but full supply of those elements which im-
part strength to its body and a large devel-
opment to its seed, and you will double our
surplus breadstuffs for export next season.

The transportation of this surplus to market
will add immensely to the business and much-
needed revenue of all our internal improve-
ments, and give an auspicious impulse to our
manufacturing, mercantile, and commercial
enterprise. Teach corn-growers of this land
of maize how to harvest only 20 per cent.
more, which can easily be done—than they
now do from the same land and labor, and
you will secure to them and to the country
a clear gain of 80,000,000 bushels of corn!

It is well known to be practicable so to
change the organic structure and functions of
the pigs, of which there are millions in the
country, that one animal will, from a given
amount of food, yield to its owner twice as
much flesh and fat as another. Transform
to the best advantage the above named 80-
000,000 bushels of corn into pork, beef, lard,
oil, tallow, &c., and it will load thousands
of railroad cars, canal boats, and vessels, on
its way to foreign consumers.

According to the census returns of 1840
our twenty millions of sheep gave less than
two pounds of wool per head. If we make,
as we can, all the other functions of this ani-
mal co-operate with those organs that elabo-
rate wool—if we stimulate the latter to the
active secretion of this important product, by
giving the sheep such food as contains a large
portion of the elements of wool, it has been
found practicable to clip eight or ten pounds
as the return from the same value of raw ma-
terial, which, under other circumstances,
would give only two pounds. It requires,
however, several generations to effect these
important organic changes, although much
can be done in the way of improvement dur-
ing the lifetime of each individual.

How few practical farmers know how to
make or to perpetuate these organic changes
in the structure and functions of their domes-
tic animals, which are alike practicable in
all their cultivated plants. Not knowing by
what circumstances and elements these favor-
able changes are produced, the great mass
of American agriculturists are equally un-
capable of preventing deterioration, to which
the highly artificial condition of both their
plants and animals renders them extremely
prone. Hence is deduced the momentous
truth, that practical science, universally dis-
seminated among all our rural population, is in-
dispensable to maintain the improvements in
any branch of husbandry which science has
already achieved. The knowledge of the
few, no matter how profound, can never com-
pensate for the ignorance of the many.

The important fact is too little heeded, that
all men have minds which need intellectual
food and development, as well as physical
wants which must be provided for. It is
worthy of profound consideration that In-
finite Wisdom has so organized the cold stony
reptile that it needs no artificial shelter, no
clothing, and one meal will supply its hun-
ger for a whole year. On man, with all his
peculiar and exalted aspirations, He has im-
posed not only physical weakness and need-
lessness in an eminent degree, but the inexor-
able necessity of having one thousand meals
where the serpent needs but one. This "ne-
cessity," however, is ever the "mother of
invention." And strange as it may seem,
the poverty and weakness of the body are the
riches and strength of the soul.

The tolling mill need not to be more in-
dustrious—need not to practise more rigid
severe muscular labor and penurious living
to be fruitful rather than to elevate our race.
As a people, we lack not capital but knowl-
edge—sound, practical knowledge—that we
may avail ourselves of all the legitimate and
abundant advantages placed within our reach
by the benevolent Author of our being.
Nothing is more common, even in this new
and sparsely settled country, than to see fields
badly exhausted by improper tillage. Unless
the food of vegetables derived from the soil
be dissolved in water, it can hardly enter the
minute pores of their roots, and form a por-
tion of their circulating nourishment. If this
food, however, be at all times soluble in wa-
ter, every rain that falls will dissolve it, and
wash it away into rivulets, or carry it deep
into the earth beyond the reach of the roots

of growing, if not starving plants. The
needless loss from the premature solution of
ill-prepared manures, and the leaching of the
soil when stirred up and made light by the
use of the plough or the hoe, is many mil-
lions a year. Vegetable food should be so
prepared, as far as practicable, as to encoun-
ter both the frosts and snows of winter and
the heat and rain of summer without loss, and
yet yield readily to the decomposing influ-
ence of vegetable life. Nothing short of this
can maintain the fertility of all cultivated
lands. It is to practical science that our far-
mers, and all others who happen to have
mouths that require three meals in every
twenty-four hours, and backs that need to be
clothed in wool and cotton, must look for a rem-
edy to this increasing sterility of the soil,
and a thousand other evils to which no allu-
sion can be made.

In what way can this invaluable knowl-
edge be brought home to the fireside and un-
derstanding of every husbandman in this
broad Republic? I answer, in part, by the
efficient aid of a National Agricultural In-
stitute and Pattern Farm, near the capital of
the nation. The plan of that at Brighton,
near Paris, (which has been eminently suc-
cessful,) with slight variations, might be
adopted with advantage. The French In-
stitute was established in 1829, on a domain
of over fourteen hundred acres, and by using
an old palace for college buildings. Since it
was founded, the crop of wheat annually
grown in the kingdom has been increased,
according to official reports, over 100,000,
000 bushels. It is under the direction of a
company of business men, and so managed as
to be profitable stock.

Science, without practice and a due regard
to profit and loss, is comparatively valueless.
The labor of the hands and the improvement
of the mind should go together. God has
conferred upon man both physical and intel-
lectual powers for his use.—These muscular
and mental powers should be alike devel-
oped, and made to co-operate, before we have
a right to expect that general abundance and
elevated standard of comfort—that high moral
and intellectual attainment which ought to
distinguish a great and free people.

Too much confidence is placed in books
and agricultural journals to teach, unaided,
the abstruse sciences which appertain to rural
economy. It is no easy matter to convey a
clear understanding, by writing alone, of the
unknown properties of unknown things; both
of which are necessarily discussed in terms
alike unknown. The lecture room, the labo-
ratory, the skilful dissection of plants and
animals, the nature and composition of soils,
geologically and chemically considered, and
the analysis of all organic as well as inorganic
matter involved in any agricultural opera-
tion, are indispensable aids, that the precise
relation of things may be seen, and that their
constituent elements may be handled and
known.—Something of this sort is necessary
to impart to the mind a competent knowledge
even of the language of agricultural literature.
Something must be done to remove this
serious obstacle to the general progress
and understanding of works of the highest
practical value. Let a person, no matter
how humble his acquirements may be, see a
thing, feel, smell, hear, or taste it, and its
name ever after ceases to be *vox prater rem*.

A National Institute should have several
young gentlemen as pupils from every Con-
gressional district in the Union. These once
thoroughly educated, would return and en-
gage as far as desirable, the science of rural
economy upon every literary institution in
the country. By the aid of model farms in
every county, public lectures, and the cordi-
al support of the whole intelligence and virtue
of the community, these public benefactors
would be able to scatter broadcast the good
seed of sound practical knowledge of the in-
alienable laws of Nature over the whole length
and breadth of the nation.

What better use can be made of the am-
ple funds given to the Federal Government
by the Smithsonian Bequest than to qualify
six hundred or a thousand young gentlemen,
every three years, to carry home to every
man's door, in the great agricultural republic
a knowledge of all the improvements made in
practical husbandry by the experience and
study of the whole world? The cultivators
of the soil have this matter in their own
hands. If they will only speak to their pub-
lic servants in Congress, this important ob-
ject can be promptly secured. The gain to
the whole country will be not only incalcul-
able in amount, but as universal as the first
wants of our common nature, and as endur-
ing as the immortal mind.

Will not the friends of human elevation,
the friends of agricultural improvement, unite
with me, and send up hundreds of petitions to
Congress, asking the representatives of a rural
population to establish an Agricultural In-
stitute and Pattern Farm near the capital of
the nation, and thereby open a perennial foun-
tain of knowledge, whose thousand rills shall
catenate at once and forever the whole intel-
lect and the whole cultivated soil of this
free and rising republic? How many
millions have been expended from the Na-
tional Treasury, or otherwise taken from the
pockets of the people, for the benefit of com-
merce and manufactures? Is the great
interest of agriculture alone unworthy of their
regard? Will not the keen-sighted and
patriotic press of the whole country speak
out upon a question of equal benefit to all
parties, and therefore alike worthy of their
earliest support? DANIEL LEE.

BUFFALO, December 14, 1843.

SENTIMENT.—Behold, my Flora, how glori-
ous Nature looks in her gloom! The trees
are filled with blossoms, the wood is dressed in
as green as ivory, and the plain is carpeted with
grass and flowers.
Yes, Charles, I was thinking of the same
thing. These flowers are dandelions, and when
they are gathered and put into a pot, with a
piece of good fat pork, they make the best
greens in the world.

SHORT SERMON.—If you can do a favor for a
neighbor, don't hesitate.—Man best secures his
own happiness by contributing to that of others.
A woman named Rosannah Hubert was burnt
to death in Philadelphia, late on Saturday night
last, by her clothes taking fire while she was in
a state of intoxication.

TEN UPON ELEVEN.

Monsieur Jarvis had a steeple for sale,
which he recommended as "one very fine an-
imalle—one horse elegant extraordinaire!"
"How old?" said the Frenchman, "ty sure
he is sunnier like ten upon eleven."
"No older?"
"No, sir, he is no older vat I tell you."
"On your honor?"
"Ouf, sir, on my sacre honor, vat me tell
you is the truth—he no older as ten upon
eleven; he cheat you avec de azgle de
horse. He is no more as vat I tell you."

The horse was purchased, under the full
belief that he was no more than ten or eleven
years old.

But the new owner was a short time after-
wards told, by a judge of horse-flesh that he
had got himself taken in by the French-
man in regard to the age of his steed, which
was twice as old as he purchased him for.

Upon this he went in a great hurry to the
Frenchman, and exclaimed:—

"Sar! I'll sare you, you lying smooth-
tongued scoundrel!"
"Me lie! me one scoundrel! Vat for you
accuse me! Iat! You is you lie yourself—
you is von grand impudent, bo gar! You
come here to curse me for lie! bo gar!"
"You needn't curse up to me, Monsieur I
can eat up two Frenchman just like you at
one meal!"

"Diable! Vat! You eat me; you von sav-
age; von wild animal! brute, bo gar!"
"Their is no use in all that, Monsieur.—
You are a lying villain; you told me a cock
and bull story about the age of the horse
which is no such thing!"

"Be sar! 'tis no such thing! 'tis no poll
and cock, vat me tell you de horse. Sare,
you lie!"

"What!"
"Under von grand mistake, I say nothing
all about a bull and a cock, I sell you von
horse, Mon Dieu!"

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